

Chapter 4

As Harry and Hermione walked into the Great Hall, it was immediately apparent that something was amiss. The Ravenclaw table, as a whole, was quiet and subdued while the rest of the school took notice of their sudden dip in House points. It wasn't every day that a House lost half their points in a single night.

Among the Ravenclaw students, there was a clear division between them. Half the table sat, muttering quietly to their neighbors while occasionally glancing over to glare at the other half. Harry felt a swell of pride for being able to see the people who bullied Luna punished.

When Luna skipped into the hall a few minutes later, completely oblivious to the curious whispers and furious glares she received, Harry and Hermione waved her over.

"How are they treating you, Luna?" Hermione asked as she sat down.

"Well, they're mostly ignoring me now, and all of my clothes were still in my trunk this morning," she answered pleasantly.

"Good," Harry said.

Glancing over at the Ravenclaw table, his eyes scanned over the guilty faces staring resolutely down at the wooden table. Focusing on two of the worst offenders, his old crush Cho, and her friend Marietta, his eyes narrowed. While Cho looked down shamefully, her pale cheeks stained red, Marietta glared at the back of Luna's head as she whispered furiously to the Chinese girl next to her. When she noticed Harry looking at her, she glanced away quickly, but the look in her eyes was clear. She wanted revenge.

"We'll just have to hope it stays that way," he said as he watched Marietta and Cho argue quietly.

Over the next week, the rest of Ravenclaw steered clear of Luna, which led to her spending most of her free time with Harry and Hermione. During that time, they learned just how insatiable their blonde friend was. There wasn't a moment they were alone that she wasn't naked and ready to please either him, or Hermione.

He still found his girlfriend's easy acceptance of Luna into their relationship rather shocking. While she was usually the only voice of reason that kept them from going at it like rabbits all day and night, when their homework was done, Hermione came out to play. It never ceased to amaze him how she could go from being a strait laced, model student in front of their classmates and teachers, to a foul mouth dominatrix for Luna, and then to a needy slut for Harry.

Unfortunately, after a week of quiet, some of the braver Ravenclaws, including Cho and Marietta started slipping back into their bullying ways. They never did it while Harry or Hermione were around, but Luna told them about being called names and her homework going missing more than once.

"We should tell Professor Flitwick," Hermione said.

"We don't know who's doing it yet," Harry reminded her. "All we know is that Cho and Marietta called her names. If we really want to get them in trouble, we need a list of names like last time."

"So, are we just supposed to wait?" she asked angrily.

"Why doesn't Harry use Legilimency on them?" Luna asked.

"That's a good idea," Hermione agreed, smiling at Luna before turning back to Harry. "You're at the stage where you need to start practicing on an unwilling mind anyways."

Normally, Harry would be against the idea of invading someone's mind without their consent, but with how they were bullying Luna, he didn't feel any sympathy for them. They didn't care

about Luna's privacy with the way they went through her things, so why should he care about theirs, he thought. Besides that, he really wanted to know why Cho was so determined to bully Luna. It felt like a person insult that someone he had fancied had turned out to be so horrible underneath.

"Alright," he agreed.

Now, the only problem he had was how to talk to Cho alone. Being in different year and different houses, it wasn't going to be easy. It had been Hermione who came up with a rather devious solution.

The next day, while Cho was on her way to Transfiguration, which just so happened to coincide with Harry and Hermione's free period, they hid under his cloak and waited. When Cho passed their hiding spot with her friends, Hermione gleefully sent a whispered Cutting Charm at her backpack. The bag spit open at the bottom, spilling the contents all over the floor. Books and sheafs of parchment flew everywhere, and a couple of ink bottles shattered on the stone floor, staining her notes and textbooks. Hermione smiled vindictively as Cho cursed and her shoulders slumped as she stared at the mess.

"Leave it," Cho said as her friends stopped to help. "Just- go to class and tell McGonagall why I'm late. The last thing I need is another detention."

Harry felt a sense of déjà vu, remembering when he'd used the same trick to talk to Cedric during the Tournament.

As Marietta and the rest of Cho's friends left, she bent over to repair her ripped bag and clean up her books. Harry's eyes widened, and he heard Hermione suck in a breath next to him. It seemed her Cutting Charm had been a bit more powerful than necessary. Along the back of Cho's skirt, there was a cut several inches long. When she bent over, her small, pert bum and light blue panties peeked through the cut. The tight, lily-white globes of her ass swayed back and forth as she picked things up and threw them back into her repaired bag.

Hermione was so surprised at the sight, that Harry had to nudge her gently to get her attention before their opportunity was gone. The plan was to keep Cho occupied with a series of little accidents until Luna could lead Filch to them. Hopefully, he would give Cho detention, where Harry could get some time alone with her later.

As Cho shuffled over to pick up an ink splattered book, Hermione smirked and took careful aim with her wand. When Cho's free hand touched the floor for support, she hit it with a Sticking Charm. Cho gasped and nearly toppled over when she suddenly discovered she could no longer move her hand. Now she was stuck bent over, unaware her tight little ass was hanging out for anyone that happened by to see. Wrapping his arms around his girlfriend, he hugged Hermione's back against his chest while they watched her ass shake as she cursed and struggled to free her hand.

In a deliberate move, Hermione wiggle her wider, fuller ass against his groin. Already excited by the sight of Cho's small yet perky bottom, he quickly grew hard against her, his erection pressing between her thick cheeks. Bending his head down, Harry kissed the side of her neck and ran his hand over her shirt to cup her breasts. His fun was cut short however, when they heard footsteps approaching in the quiet, nearly deserted corridor.

Cho reached for her wand, but Hermione was quicker, a sudden flick causing it to roll just barely out of reach. Unable to free herself, Cho looked back awkwardly, her eyes widening in fear as Filch rounded the corner and came to a dead stop.

Harry and Hermione had to cover their mouths as Filch's eyes bulged and his mouth worked silently as he stared at Cho's behind. His face went beet red, and, for a moment, it looked like he might pass out on the spot. Mrs. Norris arched her back and hissed at Cho, her yellow, lamp like eyes glaring malevolently. With a quick swipe of her claws, she scratched his leg, drawing her owner out his dumbfounded stupor.

"Wh-What is the meaning of this!" he yelled.

"I'm stuck," Cho said embarrassedly, contorting herself impressively to look up at him.

The moment the words left her mouth, Hermione canceled the Sticking Charm on her hand. Suddenly free, Cho stumbled again before standing up and staring at her hand curiously.

“Stuck, eh?” Filch asked, eyes narrowed angrily. “And look at this mess! You can’t fool me you little hussy!”

“Hussy?” Cho repeated angrily.

“Don’t think you’re getting out of this just because you’re wearing that skirt!” Filch barked, ignoring her question. “In fact, that uniforms out of regulations.”

“What?” Cho asked, confused.

Looking down, she ran her hands over her skirt. As her hands moved around the back, her fingers slipped into the cut at the back. When her fingers touched bare skin, a look of pure mortification came over her face while she blushed dark enough to rival any Weasley.

“I’ll bet the headmaster might let me bring back the whips for this sort of shameful behavior,” Filch crowed gleefully.

“I-I-I didn’t know-”

“Enough excuses, you’re coming with me,” he interrupted.

Still blushing heavily, Cho ducked her head as she picked up her bag with one hand and used the other to cover herself.

“Hermione, I love you, but sometimes you scare me,” Harry whispered teasingly while giving a hug from behind.

“She deserved it,” she replied with a shrug before spinning around in his arms to face him with a smirk. “She does have a cute little bum though.”

“Yours is better,” he told her while reaching around to give it a squeeze over her skirt.

“Good answer,” she said with a smile.

Lifting herself up on her tip toes, she kissed him on the lips.

“Just remember, you have to get detention with Filch,” she reminded him when she pulled back.

“I know,” he said. “But we do have a little time to kill.”

Glancing around to make sure the coast was clear; Harry took her by the hand and pulled her across the hall to a nearby broom cupboard. Hermine giggled as he closed the door and pressed her up against the shelf along the wall.

Half an hour later, feeling relaxed and peaceful, Harry strolled down the hall towards Filch’s office. He couldn’t help but smile at the thought that this was the first time he was deliberately getting detention. And Hermione was encouraging him!

“What are you smiling at scar head?” Malfoy asked loudly as he walked towards him just outside Filch’s office. “Finally lost it, have you?”

Harry garnered some rather odd looks from Malfoy and the other students in the hall as he only smiled wider.

This day just keeps getting better, he thought to himself.

Without a word, Harry walked straight up to Malfoy and shoved him as hard as he could in the chest. Shocked by the sudden attack, the blonde ponce flew backwards and slammed into a suit of armor. There was a tremendous crash as it collapsed on top of him. Filch sprinted into the hall at the noise just in time to see the helmet land perfectly over Malfoy's head, the visor slamming shut with a clang. The crowd that had gathered laughed as he slipped and stumbled back to his feet, hands balled into fists.

"What's going on here?" Filch growled as he stalked over to Malfoy.

Lifting the visor, the blonde glared at Harry angrily.

"Potter pushed me," he said, only for the visor to fall shut with a clang again.

He lifted it up again, his pale cheeks going pink from embarrassment as the laughter continued. Filch turned to Harry, who merely shrugged.

"My office, now," Filch growled, then turned to Malfoy, "And you, clean up this mess."

Malfoy opened his mouth to argue but Filch turned and left before he could get a word out. Seething, he glared at Harry menacingly.

"You'll pay for this, Potter," he hissed through gritted teeth.

Any threatening quality in his words was lost when the visor clanged shut again, garnering renewed laughter from the crowd. Yanking the helmet off his head, Malfoy threw it to the floor before stalking off down the hall.

"No wonder Fred and George are always smiling," he said to himself before walking into Filch's office with a carefree smile.

While Harry had enjoyed himself greatly, Hermione wasn't best pleased when they met for lunch.

"That wasn't exactly what I had in mind when I told you to get detention," she said after he explained what happened.

Although she tried to look stern, he noticed the corners of her lips twitching upwards.

"It worked, didn't it?" Harry asked.

"Yes, but he's just going to try and get you in even more trouble now," Hermione said with a sigh.

"He does that anyways," Harry said, waving off her concern. "At least this time, I deserve it. Besides, you have to admit, the git had it coming."

"That doesn't mean you have to sink to his level," she said.

"Says the girl that punched him in the face," he replied with a smile.

Luna giggled and Hermione lost the fight to hide her smile.

The rest of the day passed slowly as Harry waited anxiously for his detention. The levity from earlier in the day slowly drained out of him as his nerves began to get the better of him. Using Legilimency on an unwilling mind, without getting caught, was completely different than what he'd been doing with Hermione, Luna, and Ginny. It was going to take a much more subtle approach. Not something Harry was known for. Still, Hermione thought he could do it, and she gave him as much encouragement as she could.

Despite his anxiety, he was actually glad when it was time for his detention. Giving Hermione and Luna a kiss for luck, he made his way to the classroom on the third floor Filch used for his detentions. When he got there, he was relieved to find Cho and Filch were the only other people there. Taking a seat next to Cho, he took out his Charms book and waited.

Just a few minutes into their detention, Peeves flew through the wall, hit Filch right between the eyes with a spit ball, and then took off with a cackle.

“PEEVES!” Filch roared in fury, wiping away the spit-soaked ball of paper. “You two wait here!”

Rounding the desk, he was already huffing and puffing for breath by the time he reached the door and wrenched it open. Slamming the door closed behind him, they heard his loud footfalls gradually growing quieter as he got further away.

“Remind me to do something nice for Peeves later,” Harry joked.

Cho smiled prettily yet shyly. Stuffing his hand in his pocket, Harry palmed his wand and crumpled up a piece of parchment while whispering the incantation for Legilimency under his breath. Unlike his earlier uses of Mind Magic, this time, Harry didn’t delve into her mind freely. He restrained himself to only the thoughts on the surface. Any deeper, and he risked her realizing something was wrong.

Immediately, he realized why she was so shy around him suddenly. Cho still fancied him, but she worried that Luna had told him she was one of her bullies. While that was true, all anyone knew for certain was that Luna had gone to Professor Flitwick. There were also thoughts of Cedric in her mind, and the distant thought that she was betraying him by not only liking someone else, but also his rival in the tournament.

For Harry, it was a lot to feel at once, and he wondered how girls dealt with so many emotions at once.

“So, how did you end up in detention?” he asked.

This was the hardest part. Now that he knew what he was doing, reading her thoughts was easy. Holding a conversation while doing so, not so much. It strained the limits of his concentration to read her thoughts and listen to her answer at the same time.

“Oh, um, my bag broke and I was late to class. Filch caught me in the hallway,” she said.

He could practically see the whole scenario play out in her mind for her perspective. There was confusion over how her bag broke and why her hand stuck to the floor, embarrassment over the tear in her skirt and flashing Filch her knickers, and finally arousal. The thought of someone on like Harry finding her in that position and taking advantage of her was a thrilling image, and she rubbed her thighs together as she imagined it. Harry pretended to scratch his nose to hide his surprise.

Was every single girl secretly just as horny as boys were, he wondered.

“What about you?” she asked.

“Malfoy knocked over a suit of armor and blamed it on me,” he lied.

On the outside, Cho gave him a sympathetic smile. On the inside, her thoughts turned to a conversation she had with her roommate, Sarah Duncan, who was a prefect. Apparently, she’d caught Malfoy and Parkinson in broom cupboard together and rather gleefully told everyone in the dorm about how small his wand was. Harry struggled not to smirk.

“So, what happened with Ravenclaw losing all those points last week?” he asked, finally getting to the heart of what he came for.

“Luna didn’t tell you?” she asked.

Surprise, fear and hope running through her mind.

"No, why?" Harry asked, feigning ignorance.

"Well," she said before pausing briefly, her mind furiously running through a myriad of quickly made up lies and half-truths. "She was being bullied by a few people in the dorm. Professor Flitwick was furious."

Her thoughts turned to the memory of the tiny Half-Goblin raging at them and taking two hundred and fifty points.

"That's horrible," Harry said, shaking his head. "I hate bullies."

"Me too," Cho whispered, a light pink dusting her cheeks.

Finally, her thoughts turned to the times she had bullied Luna. Surprisingly, he felt like her heart just wasn't in it. She called her names and took her things, but always felt guilty for it afterwards. It felt like she was only doing it to fit in for some reason, but he couldn't tell exactly why.

"I wonder why anyone would do that?" Harry asked.

Now, he was getting to the truth. Marietta took the lead, pushing and prodding at Cho until she joined her in making fun of Luna. Cho, as it turned out, was incredibly submissive behind closed doors. Marietta wasn't just her friend, she was also her lover, since long before she started dating Cedric. Cho didn't just like to be pushed around a bit and called names like Luna, she craved someone to completely and utterly dominate her. Marietta, as her oldest and closest friend, was the only one who knew and gave her what she wanted, what she needed.

Even from the short snippets he caught running through her mind, it looked like Marietta was abusing the trust Cho placed in her for her own selfish desires. Marietta was a petty, jealous girl with a streak of cruelty that she forced Cho to go along with, whether she liked it or not. As

Cho's memories faded and she came back to the present, he caught one last detail that made his blood boil.

When he had asked Cho to the Ball, Cedric hadn't asked her yet. She had wanted to say yes, but Marietta knew both he and Cedric fancied her, and wanted her to go for Cedric instead. She thought Cedric was better looking and expected Cho to share him with her. He could feel her genuine affection for both him and Cedric as she thought about them, but it was one of the biggest regrets of her life that she had to tell him no.

"So, how's Quidditch going?" he asked.

He'd gotten far more than he'd ever expected, and now he needed to get his own thoughts and feelings sorted out. As they talked of trivial things, he stopped looking into her mind and cleared his thoughts. With so much strain on his mind, he could feel a headache building behind his eyes.

For the next couple of hours, they talked like old friends, and Harry was able to pretend like nothing was wrong thanks to his Occlumency. Mercifully, when Filch returned, tired and out of breath, he let them go just before curfew. Bidding Cho goodnight, he headed back to the Gryffindor Common Room.

"Did it work?" Hermione asked anxiously the moment he entered.

"Yeah," he told her tiredly.

"What's wrong," she asked in concern.

"I'm just tired," he said, giving her a smile. "That was a lot more difficult than I thought it would be. I'm knackered."

It wasn't that he didn't want to tell Hermione what he learned, it was just that he needed a bit more time to process it himself first.

"I'm going to write the names down and go to bed. I'll talk to you about it in the morning," he told her, leaning in for a brief kiss.

"Okay," she said, giving him a beautiful smile. "You did wonderfully! I knew you could do it. I love you."

"I love you, too," he replied.

With one last tender kiss, Harry headed up to his dorm. Jotting down the names he'd gotten from Cho, he closed his curtains and laid back on his bed. Yet, sleep never came. Eyes closed, he worked on his Occlumency, sorting through his own thoughts and feelings from the night. Even as he heard his roommates climb into bed, and late night gave way to the wee hours of the morning, he couldn't fall asleep.

Despite knowing what he did, he still had questions that his mind wouldn't let rest. Part of him still blamed Cho for not standing up to Marietta, but most of his anger fell on the spiteful little bitch. He needed to know more about her, and just how much control she has over Cho's actions.

At just past two in the morning, Harry climbed silently out of bed. Grabbing his cloak, map, and broom, he slipped down the stairs and out of the Common Room. Hidden by his trusty cloak, and aided by the Marauder's Map, he swiftly crossed the castle and climbed to entrance to Ravenclaw Tower. Only the lovely Professor Sinistra was out in the halls at this hour, but luckily, she was far enough away on the Astronomy Tower to be of no concern. Reaching the entrance to Ravenclaw Tower, he grabbed the Raven shaped door knocker and tapped it as quietly as he could.

"What question can you never answer yes to?" it asked in a female voice that sounded like a shout in the otherwise silent hall.

After a moment's thought, the answer came to him, and he smiled at how appropriate it was, given the time.

"Are you asleep," Harry answered in a whisper.

"Correct," the raven said.

The latch clicked and the door swung open silently on its hinges. Slipping into the Common Room, he started to close the door but paused. Taking off his shoe, he used it to hold the door open before looking around for something to replace it. The Ravenclaw Common Room looked much more austere than Gryffindor. Everything was clean and uniform, lacking any sort of character that made it feel like home. The walls were blue, with bronze molding outlining the bookshelves that covered every wall. It looked and felt like a room you would see in a museum.

Finding a stray quill on a table, he walked back to the door and used it to replace his shoe. Wedging the quill between the door and the frame, it held it open just enough to keep it from latching closed. If something went wrong, he wanted a quick way out, and he didn't want the door locking closed on him. He didn't even know if it was possible, but it seemed like a better idea than jumping out of a window with his broom.

Turning back to the Common Room, he found the stairs marked for the Girl's Dorm and mounted his broom. The end stuck out from under the cloak, and it was a tight fit, but Harry was able to maneuver himself up the stairs without touching the floor, or the walls. It wasn't until he reached the door for the sixth-year dorm that he felt safe enough to land. He touched down softly, ready to take off again at a moment's notice if he set off the alarm.

Fortunately, nothing happened, and he landed without issue. Taking a deep breath, he opened the door and slipped inside as quickly and as quietly as possible. He held his breath as he checked to make sure his entrance had gone unnoticed. He needn't have worried, however, as all of the girls were sound asleep. Leaning his broom next to the door, he walked from bed to bed, silencing the curtains.

Once that was done, he peeked inside to find his target. The first was a girl he didn't know, so just to be safe, he cast a Sleeping Charm on her. It was a simple, first year charm, but it would make sure she would stay asleep even if the room exploded for the next two hours. The next to

beds went the same. On his fourth try, he found the girl he was looking for, Marietta Edgecombe. Leaving her alone for now, he checked the last bed, just to be sure it was Cho. Sure enough, the tiny Asian girl was curled up and sound asleep under her blankets. Backing his head out of the curtains, he doubled up the Silencing Charm around her bed, but left her without the Sleeping Charm.

Grabbing a chair from a nearby vanity, he carefully moved it over the Marietta's bed and sat down next to her. Normally, eye contact was needed to perform Legilimency, but sleeping people were different. When you were asleep, all of your natural defenses came down. Without Occlumency training, your mind was completely undefended while you slept. However, as with all on the Mind Arts, it did require some kind of connection.

Reaching out slowly, he carefully rested his hand on hers. When she didn't stir, he closed his eyes and focused on entering her mind. Ignoring her dream that involved some kind of fancy ball, he delved into her mind looking for anything that related to her relationship with Cho.

He found that they met at a young age, and quickly became close friends. While Cho was athletic, intelligent, and pretty, Marietta was average in every single way. Still, even as children, Cho looked for leadership and guidance, whereas Marietta tended to be headstrong and obstinate. As they grew older, and it became clear that Cho was far more popular, Marietta became more jealous. She would chase away anyone she felt was a threat to her friendship with Cho, even going so far as to make up lies to drive a wedge between Cho and her other friends.

From what little he saw from Marietta's mind, it seemed to him like Cho's father was the reason for her submissiveness. The man was obsessively controlling and often a downright bastard to women in general. Having wanted a son instead of a daughter, he cared little for Cho, but kept her under his strict control regardless. It was the year they went to Hogwarts that things really changed.

Cho's father got the son he wanted and had no more time for his daughter. Lacking a controlling figure in her life, she started turning to Marietta to fill that absence, and Marietta noticed. She enjoyed having someone so popular and talented looking to her for answers. It made her feel important, like she mattered more.

Oddly, while Marietta liked the level of control she had over Cho, she wanted someone to take that from her. One of things she fantasized about most, was a man taking Cho from her and making Marietta the bitch. She had hoped for Cedric to do that for her, but he was taken from them before they could even bring it up with him. Cedric was, to put it kindly, far too nice to be what she wanted him to be. Cho knew that, but Marietta hoped that he could learn.

Then, Cedric was killed, and a part of her blamed Harry for that. If Voldemort really was back, and despite what her mother told her, she did believe him, then he was after Harry. If he was after Harry, then he should have died, not Cedric.

Harry pulled out her mind, disgusted and angry at what he saw. It wasn't his fault Cedric was killed, he thought. Neither of them could have known what was going to happen.

Standing up, Harry closed the curtains around Marietta's bed and placed another Silencing Charm around her curtains for good measure. Furious, he paced back and forth, trying to calm down enough to think rationally. Not only was this bitch using her best friend and the one responsible for Cho rejecting him as a date for the Ball, not only was she bullying Luna just because it made her important and powerful, but the little cunt blamed him for Cedric's murder when she didn't have the first clue what it was like that night!

The rational part of his brain tried to tell himself that it was partially his own fault for not talking about it, but he pushed that voice down. Right now, he was angry, he wanted revenge, and he knew just how to get it. Hermione wasn't going to be happy he did this without talking to her first, but hopefully she would understand when he explained everything later.

Walking back over to Cho's bed, he carefully opened the curtains around her bed and took her hand. Sinking into her mind, he took a deeper look, just to make sure he wasn't making a mistake. It only confirmed what he had already suspected and showed just how depraved her fantasies were. Harry's eyes, and his thoughts, darkened. He was going to take her from Marietta, make her his own personal slut, and then do the same to Marietta. With a wave of his wand, he cast one more Silencing Charm, this one on the entire room. Things were going to get loud, and he didn't want to wake up the rest of the tower.

Setting his wand on the nightstand, Harry threw open the curtains around Cho's bed and toed off his shoes. Grabbing the blanket covering her, he slowly pulled it off of her. She wore only a short, white t-shirt and the same blues knickers he'd seen earlier in the day. Cho was thin, with an athletic figure, small breasts that looked the perfect size for his hands, and long, toned legs that led to a tight, pert little ass. While he usually found himself more attracted to women with large breasts and full curves, like Hermione, but Cho was unquestionably beautiful in her own way.

Rolling over in her sleep, he saw her long nipple pressing against the front of her tight t-shirt as she blindly searched for her blanket. Just as she found it, Harry reached out and covered her mouth with his hands. Cho blinked her eyes open before they widened in panic. Frantically, she twisted her head and followed his arm up to her face. Other than a further widening of her eyes as she recognized him in the dark room, the rest of her body remained perfectly still. Sitting down on the edge of the bed, Harry moved his hand off of her mouth and rested it on her arm.

"Harry?" she asked in a shocked whisper. "What are you doing here?"

"I know everything, Cho," he told her in a normal voice. "I know you've been one of the people bullying Luna."

Cho looked away in shame, her cheeks darkening.

"I-I didn't want to," she whispered.

"I know," he said again. "I know it was Marietta who made you do it. And I know why you listened to her. When I said I know everything, I meant it. I can read your mind Cho, I've been learning Legilimency."

"You-you can do that?" she asked in trepidation.

“You want proof?” Harry asked with a smirk. “I know you’re a submissive little slut that needs someone to control you. I know you wanted to go to the ball with me, but Marietta wanted you to go with Cedric instead.”

Cho’s eyes widened again, fear and excitement warring in her dark brown eyes. Harry didn’t need to read her mind to know what she was thinking. She was afraid for her reputation, but excited that he knew the truth about her. Most of her fantasies had featured either him or Cedric. Her body trembled under his hand as he moved it over to her chest, palming one of her tits. The rock-hard nipple scraped against the palm of his hand as he casually groped at her body.

“I also know you don’t want to bully Luna, but you do it anyways, because Marietta told you to,” he continued, his eyes narrowing angrily.

“I-”

“Shut up, bitch,” Harry told her firmly, his hand leaving her chest to grip her throat.

While he didn’t grip tight enough to cut off her air, he could feel her pulse and her breathe through her thin delicate neck.

“You know what really pisses me off?” he growled. “It’s the fact that you know Marietta is using you, and you don’t do anything about it. Now, Luna is a very dear friend of mine, and I really don’t like people fucking with my friends. I hoped going to Flitwick would be enough to get it to stop, but you two stupid little cunts just had to keep going.”

He felt Cho swallow thickly against his hand as he tightened his grip, restricting her air, but being careful not to cut it off completely. Her eyes sparkled in a mixture of excitement and fear as she gazed up at him.

“So, here’s what’s going to happen,” Harry told her darkly. “While I’m upset with you, I’m livid with Marietta. Tonight, I’m going to punish you, but I’m going to fucking ruin *her*. If you haven’t figured it out yet, you’re mine now, and I don’t give a damn if she likes it or not. Got it?”

“Yes, sir,” Cho wheezed.

“Good,” he said before letting go of her throat.

Grabbing a handful of Cho’s long black hair, Harry dragged her off the bed. Stumbling to keep up with him as he dragged her to the center of the room, the only sound that left her mouth was a quiet whimper that sounded like it was more out of desire than pain.

Once he had Cho where he wanted her, he grabbed the front of her shirt and tore it off of her, the sound of rending fabric filling the quiet room. A gasp left her parted lips while he threw the ruined shirt aside and grasped her tits. Now that she was standing, and without her tight shirt in the way, he realized her chest was a bit bigger than he’d given them credit for. What really drew his attention, however, were her long, fat, dark nipples surrounded by tiny areolas.

“Harry?” she asked nervously, drawing his attention away from her chest.

Looking up at her, she bit her lip and darted her eyes to the other beds anxiously.

“Don’t worry about them,” he told her firmly. “You’re mine now. What they, or anyone else thinks, doesn’t matter.”

“Yes, sir,” she said, a hint of relief in her voice.

“Good girl,” Harry said softly, his hand coming up to stroke her cheek tenderly.

Cho leaned into his hand and closed her eyes as she kissed his palm. When she opened them again, he used the contact with her to peek into her mind. The relief she felt at being away from Marietta was palpable. She didn't care how rough and cruel he was to her, she enjoyed that, but she knew Harry would never force her to be cruel to other people like her friend did. Tracing his thumb across her bottom lip, he smiled at her.

Tightening his hand in her hair, he roughly pulled her head back and down, forcing her to drop to her knees. Quickly pulling off his shirt, he grabbed her head and rubbed her face against the prominent bulge in the front of his pants. He could feel her warm, damp breath through the light cotton material. Grabbing a fistful of hair again, he tilted her head back roughly with one hand, so she was looking straight up at him, while he pulled his pants and boxers down with the other. His cock sprang out like it was on a spring, slapping against her chin. Lifting his cock up, his balls hitting the underside of her chin, he rested his length across her face. The fringe of her dark hair tickled the underside of his head as Cho went cross eyed trying to look at his thick shaft.

Her warm breath blew over his shaft as she let out a short whimper, her thoughts consumed by amazement at his size, and excited anticipation for what was to come.

"Don't just sit there, kiss it you fucking whore," Harry scolded her.

Cho puckered her lips and started kissing and licking at the underside of his cock as Harry dragged it back and forth across her face. As it flopped to one side of her cute little nose, she turned her head to follow it, her lips parting to wrap around his girth.

Pushing his pants and boxers down to his ankles, Harry stepped out of them and kicked them to the side while Cho continued to tend to his shaft. Pulling his hips back, he placed the head at her lips and relaxed the hand in her hair so she could tilt her head back down. When he pushed forward, Cho obediently opened her mouth and took him inside, her lips stretched wide around his thick length. Harry couldn't help but groan at the pleasure of her hot, sucking mouth and the way her tongue swirled around his tip.

"Good little cocksucker," Harry praised her. "I bet you've been on your knees for every bloke in this house."

Cho moaned at the insult, but he could see it wasn't true. While she'd had plenty of practice with toys she used with Marietta, the only guy she'd ever actually did anything with was Cedric. Even then, it was limited to snogging and groping in broom cupboards. Curious, he stared into her eyes and dug deeper into her memories, uncaring if she knew he was looking.

What he found made his cock throb between her lips. Cho had several toys hidden under her mattress that she used at night when everyone else was asleep. Some of them were even bigger than he was, and she used them to brutally fuck herself while imagining a man, or more than one, taking her roughly. Marietta occasionally tried to give Cho what she craved, but she never put much effort into it. She was much more concerned with her own pleasure than Cho's.

Pulling himself out of her memories and back to the present, Cho stared up at him worriedly. She knew he was looking through her mind and was concerned he would be disgusted by what he saw. As much as she desperately wanted someone to take ownership of her, the fear of being rejected, and the rest of the school finding out, had always held her back.

In lieu of verbal answer, Harry instead tightened his hands in her hair and forced her to take him deeper. Cho choked and gagged loudly as his meaty shaft suddenly invaded her throat. Eyes watering, she glanced at the other beds worriedly even as she rubbed her legs together excitedly. Holding her head still, Harry relentlessly fucked her throat until her nose pressed against his groin. Keeping her in place, his full length hilted in her tight, spasming throat, he held her down until her face turned red and she squirmed in place.

Wrenching his cock out of her mouth, Cho sucked in a deep breath and coughed as spit rained down her chin. While she caught her breath, Harry picked her up, finding her surprisingly light, and carried her back over to her bed. Tossing her onto the mattress, he pushed her onto her back and then pulled her by the shoulders until her head was hanging over the edge of the bed.

Feeding his cock back into her mouth, Harry started fucking her face, his head and shaft battering its way in and out of her throat with complete disregard for her comfort. Burying his length in her gullet, his balls resting on her cute little nose, he bent over her and grabbed her panties. Taking them between his hands, he viciously ripped them off of her. Cho squealed and gurgled around his shaft as the material was wrenched between the damp lips of her pussy before it finally gave way with a loud rip.

Pulling his hips back to give her a quick breath, he smirked as he cupped her mound to find her soaked in her own arousal. Raising his hand, he brought it down with a loud, wet *slap* on her bald lips. Cho gasped as her body quivered, and Harry took the opportunity to jam his cock back into her open mouth.

“This is supposed to be a punishment, you stupid slut,” Harry told her. “You’re not supposed to be enjoying it.”

Cho’s only answer was more gagging and choking as his cock ravaged her throat. Eyeing her fat nipples, Harry grasped them between his fingers and began twisting and pulling them harshly. Cho gurgled around his cock and kicked her legs as he stretched her tits away from her chest by the nipple until they finally slipped from his grip. Raising his hand, he started raining stinging slaps down on her small, firm orbs. Though all of this, he kept an eye on her thoughts, making sure he wasn’t pushing her too far. However, if anything, the rougher he got, the more aroused Cho became. When he slapped her pussy again, the little slut nearly came.

Feeling his own climax building, Harry pulled his cock out of her drooling mouth, long, thick strings of saliva streaking down her face. There was a lot more he wanted to do, and he didn’t want to finish too soon. Grabbing her by the hair, he lifted her head up so she was looking at him.

“Am I being too rough on you, bitch?” he asked in a mocking tone.

“No, sir,” Cho said quietly while rubbing her thighs together.

Harry shook his head and smiled at her.

“Merlin, if I knew you were this much of a whore, I’d have never asked you to the ball,” he told her, pausing just long enough for her to feel a moment of hurt before he continued. “I’ve have just pinned you to the floor of the owlery and taken you.”

Cho's eyes widened and she shivered. Even the thought of being pinned face down and fucked on a floor covered in owl dropping turned on the kinky little slut. It was far too disgusting to be anything Harry would actually do to her, but he couldn't help but chuckle at how dirty and depraved she could be.

"I'm going to love making you my bitch," Harry said with an affectionate tone.

Cho smiled and blushed, and he could feel the sense of happiness and fulfillment radiating from her mind.

"We still need to punish Marietta," he told her. "Are you ready to help me?"

"Yes," she said with determination.

Harry had been worried it might take time for her to be willing to turn against her friend, but reading her mind, she surprised him once again. Cho resented Marietta for quite a few things and was more than happy to finally get back at her. The biggest grievances on her mind right now were getting her into the mess with bullying Luna and stopping her from going after Harry sooner.

Smiling, Harry grabbed her by the neck and roughly dragged her off the bed. Once Cho got her feet under her, he grabbed her ass and easily lifted her up. She wrapped her arms and legs around him, quivering in excitement as his cock rubbed against her pussy.

"Soon," Harry promised her.

Grabbing his wand, he walked her over to Marietta's bed, which was the next one over, and pulled the curtains back.

"Harry," Cho whispered hesitantly, "what about the others? I-"

She stopped herself from talking further, worried about angering him.

“I used Silencing and Sleeping Charms, they won’t wake up for anything,” he told her.

“Oh,” she said in relief before hugging herself to him tighter and kissing his neck. “I’m sorry, sir. I shouldn’t have questioned you.”

“You can make it up to me later,” Harry said, squeezing her ass tightly.

Thinking for a moment about how to handle Marietta, he smirked as an idea came to him. Setting Cho down on her feet, he silenced Marietta and then transfigured her blanket into four long ropes. With a simple Animation Charm, they came to life. Slithering like snakes, one end wrapped around her wrists and ankles, while the other secured itself to the posts of her bed. Marietta snapped awake when they pulled taught, leaving her splayed out. Her mouth opened in a silent scream for help before her eyes landed on Harry and Cho standing next to her bed, completely naked. Her mouth continued to move silently, but when she realized she was silenced, she glared at them.

With his wand in hand, Harry didn’t need to hear her voice to what she was saying. While she tried to put on a brave front, underneath, she was worried about why he was here. Seeing Cho next to her was even more worrying. Her mind worked furiously as she tried to figure out what was going on, and how much he knew.

“Oh, I know everything,” he told her, a smirk stretching his lips as her eyes widened. “And yes, I can read your mind. I originally came here to get back at you for bullying Luna, but then I found out about Cho here, and I just couldn’t resist. It’s quite fitting though, isn’t it? You’ve been stealing from Luna all these years, and now I’m stealing Cho from you.”

Now, a look of fear came over her face. Despite her worry though, she was quickly growing excited at what she thought was going to happen. Her secret desire to see Cho taken from her, and then have a powerful man make her his slut too was certainly going to come true, but not before he punished the stupid bitch. Right now, he thought Marietta was feeling a bit too

comfortable with the situation. Waving his wand with a muttered incantation, the clothes were ripped from her body, leaving her completely naked.

While he wouldn't call her fat by any means, Marietta was nowhere near as fit as Cho. As a result, she had much softer, more pronounced curves. Probably the nicest part of her was her perky, grapefruit sized tits capped with puffy pink nipples and soft, round areolas. She was certainly attractive, just not as much as Cho, and not even close to his Hermione. Marietta looked at him nervously, feeling very self-conscious now that she was bared to his gaze. Rather than comment at all about her, Harry simply looked away dismissively and turned his attention back to Cho.

Picking her up, he laid her on her back sideways across the bed with her head resting on Marietta's stomach. Grabbing his cock, he slapped it against her sopping wet cunt, his swollen head beating against her clit and drawing a wanton moan from her lips.

"Is this what you want, slut?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Cho moaned.

Harry's hand lashed out and slapped her breast hard, leaving behind a pink handprint on her porcelain skin.

"Beg for it!" he ordered harshly. "Show this stupid cunt how much you want it."

"Please, fuck me Harry," she begged, gazing up at him pleadingly. "I've wanted you for so long. I'll do anything you want. You can do anything you want to me, just please, fuck me, sir."

Feeling not only his own arousal, but Cho's as well as he peered into her mind, he couldn't hold back any longer, even if he wanted to. Growling, he slipped the head of his cock between her taut lips, stretching them open. Cho's desperate whine turned into a high-pitched, pleased scream when he grabbed her shoulders and buried his length into her with a single savage

thrust. Harry gave her no time to adjust as he set a brutal pace, hammering into her with long powerful thrusts.

In moments, Cho's entire body tightened as she came furiously, her hands clawing at the bedding for something to hold on to.

"Cumming already?" Harry asked tauntingly. "You really are nothing but a useless whore, aren't you?"

Cho only moaned in response as she continued to shake uncontrollably under him. Giving her no respite, he continued plowing her quivering cunt. Looking over at Marietta, her breasts wobbling with the force he was fucking Cho against her with, he looked into her eyes and peered into her mind. Surprisingly, he found only a trace of jealousy in her thoughts, the overriding emotion clouding her thoughts was the arousal of watching Cho being destroyed by his huge cock. She couldn't wait for her turn.

Harry intended to make her wait a long time and turned back to Cho. Still using Legilimency, he unintentionally looking into her mind, and what he found shocked him. Cho was staring at him with a level of devotion that was almost frightening. As that moment, she was quite literally willing to do anything for him. Under that, he could sense her strong affection for him.

Bending over her, she kissed Cho hard on the lips, his arms slipping under her. Picking her up, Harry climbed on to her and laid her down, right next to Marietta. Pulling out of her, he flipped her over onto her stomach. Pinning her head to the back, turned so she was facing her friend, he slipped back into her from behind.

For the next half an hour, he fucked her with everything he had. Cho was driven to at least two more climaxes, screaming out her pleasure each time, her face just an inch from Marietta's. As Harry neared his own peak, he flattened her against the mattress, pinning her to the bed under his weight.

"Mine," he growled possessively before sucking hard on her neck.

His hips bouncing off of her ass, he pummeled her into the bed and then buried himself deep into her core as he came. Cho moaned tiredly, but contentedly as his hot cum flooded her depths. Pulling out of her, he watched as a river of cum flowed out of her abused slit and leaked onto the bed. Smiling, he gave her ass a smack and sat up. Hearing a rustling, he looked back to find Marietta trying to get his attention. Waving his wand, he removed the Silencing Charm.

“Harry, what about me?” Marietta asked, desperation pouring off of her.

“Apologize to Luna first, and I'll think about it.” he told her.

“What!? I am *not* apologizing to Loony.” she said incredulously.

Turning to her with a glare that had her looking up nervously, Harry pinched her nipple and squeezed it painfully hard.

“Don’t ever call her that again,” Harry growled dangerously. “Her name is Luna, got it?”

Whimpering, Marietta nodded quickly. Letting go of her nipple, he caressed her breast softly, causing her to moan. Trailing his hand down her body, he cupped her dripping pussy and ran his finger between her lips. Marietta moaned and bucked against him, desperate for more.

“Is this what you want?” he asked.

“Yes, please,” she begged, bucking her hips.

Suddenly, Harry stopped and removed his hand, much to her disappointment.

“Then you will apologize to Luna,” he told her sternly. “Tomorrow, at breakfast.”

“But-”

“No buts,” he interrupted before turning to Cho, who was watching them quietly. “Come here, Cho.”

Cho sat up obediently. Kissing her tenderly, he spun her around, so she was sitting in his lap facing her friend. His hands caressed her firm, athletic body as he rested his chin on her shoulder.

“I want you to lick her, but don’t let her cum. Silence her if she gets too loud. The Sleeping Charm I cast on your roommates will be wearing off soon,” he whispered in her ear.

“Remember who you belong to now. If you do well, I’ll give you a reward tomorrow. You can untie Marietta in the morning.”

Cho nodded, and he felt her determination to please him. Kissing her neck, he gave her tits one last squeeze before letting her go. As she climbed between Marietta’s legs and licked her leaking slit, Harry stood up and gathered his clothes. The room was filled with the sounds of Marietta’s needy moans as he left the room. Donning his cloak, he climbed back on his broom and made his way back to Gryffindor Tower.

He was confident Cho would do as he told her; she was completely devoted to him now. Marietta was another matter, and honestly, he didn’t really care what she decided to do. If she wanted to be his like Cho though, she would need to do as she was told. She would really have to make things up to Luna before he even thought about touching her though.

Right now, the only thing he was truly worried about was how Hermione would react. Hopefully, she wasn’t too angry at him.